A pleasant Ditty, of a Maydens Vow, That faine would Marry, and yet knew not how.

To the tune of, *O no, no, no, not yet.*

THere was a time (I must and will confesse)
And many times I wished to be wed,
This pretty thing seem'd long and to wax,
And I was then but in my tender minds,
But now I find it is a fearefull fire,
For I perceive it is a deadly grim,
This thing I heard my mother often mou'd,
But I am sure I neuer will be wed,
Ile neuer yeelde to marry.

My Loue could beleeue me,
And trouble much my minde,
That one so comely and so faire,
Should be so cruell and so vnkinde:
Therefore (sweet heart) tell me the cause,
Why thou wilt not marry.
From all the minions of womens kinde,
Ile neuer yeelde to marry.

Then to the mercy of my griefe,
And giue consent to marry.
For she stopt the thy fleeting tongue,
Why should I then be more hasty,
Therefore I may make no delay,
For in sooth I will not marry.

Then the maiden lady,
Answered him so readily,
For why I liues the best repute,
Therefore my yeares are yet but greene,
Then wiser-mothers day, therefore away
'tis time enough to marry.

Quoth he (alas) this me halfe dispaire,
And troubleth much my minde,
That one so comely and so faire,
Why are you so vnkinde:
Therefore (sweet heart) tell me the cause,
Why thou wilt not marry.
From all the minions of womens kinde,
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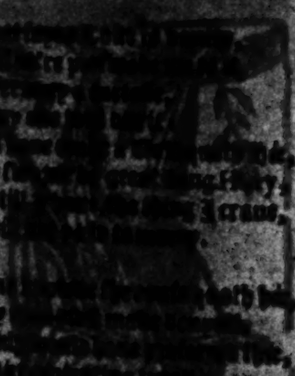
The second part. To the same tune.



FINIS.

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